

## pollen cuniculi by nux\_myristica

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Bottom Steve Harrington, Canon Compliant, M/M, Minor Angst, Minor Breeding Kink, Pet Names, Pre Season 3, Self-Lubrication, Sex Pollen, Sex Toys Under Clothing, Slightly dubcon, Takes place after season 2, Top Billy Hargrove, a singular sex toy, billy is like... not a bad guy, but it's from the upside down, like he's billy but not horrible

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Joyce Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Days after their flight from the tunnels, Steve feels the after-effects.  
Takes place after season 2.

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### Author's Note:

not @ me writing this two years ago and then forgetting it exists LOL

hope you enjoy, and thanks for reading!!

A little voice at the back of Steve's mind insisted that it was all too easy.

The gate had been closed. The demodogs had been taken care of. Sure, people died, and shit happened, but even after *everything*, it felt too easy. He and the kids came out barely scraped and the punches he took from Billy Hargrove hurt more than any thwack from a rabid demodog. If anything, Eleven suffered the most, but with her supernatural abilities, she was back to tip-top shape in no time.

The fall semester ended with little fuss and close to no hassle, other than a bit of teasing at Steve's expense once his preference for hair products was revealed. Dustin let something slip over the walkies one day, and then it was all over right then and there for Steve "The Hair" Harrington.

The only thing Steve was honest to God, truly dreading was the two weeks of absolute solitude once winter break across the school district hit. The Wheelers were traveling up to Michigan to visit extended family and the Sinclairs had distant relatives coming in, cutting the Party down by two and the limited group of people Steve would even bother hanging out with by one. Both of which were--embarrassingly-- a substantial decrease.

His parents were also in New York for the whole of December and

wouldn't be home until mid-January, long after the school session resumed and Christmas celebrations were over. Joyce Byers was kind enough to invite him to their holiday celebration, which he gratefully accepted, but for some reason, the warm fuzzy feeling he expected from the invitation was replaced by a cool, icy set of nerves. The idea of hanging out at the Byer's house after all this, after all they'd done, pretending like things were normal, sent him panicking.

He didn't know why.

In fact, several normal things were rattling his core as of late. Driving to the supermarket to get more frozen dinners and snack foods. Getting gas at the station. Dropping the kids off at the arcade. Cruising on the highway, passing the large, under-construction, soon-to-be mall. Nerves, nerves, nerves. He couldn't catch a break.

Even huddled beneath his heavy duvet in the dim light of his bedroom, he couldn't calm himself down. Flashes of the tunnels and racing demodogs plagued his mind. The bat covered in nails lay within reaching distance under his bed. Every morning, he'd wake up at four am exact and rush to the shower, struggling to rinse himself of the heat and sweat he'd gathered overnight. Something deep inside him ached, but he didn't know what, didn't know *why*.

And each day, everything seemed to get worse. The heat coiling in his core and the aching nervousness vibrating through his veins sent his body shaking like a half-dead leaf on a limb. He couldn't sleep, not that he wanted to with the nightmares and all. Couldn't eat, couldn't *breathe*.

By the end of Steve's last final, he was in so much fiery pain that he

didn't even wear his winter coat on the way out of school. He swallowed down any protests to dropping the available members of the Party at the arcade and forced a smile when he reappeared to pick them up, taking them home one by one. Thankfully, it was just Max, Dustin, and Will this time, as Mike and Nancy had to get home and finish packing for their trip, and Lucas had to do some chores before the long-awaited company arrived.

"Hey, Steve?"

Steve let his gaze flicker to Dustin for just a moment, wary of letting his eyes stray far from the road. "Yeah, bud?"

"You passed my house."

Unaware of the blunder, Steve's brows pulled together and he shifted in his seat, silently cursing himself for the lack of water in the car. No bottle, nothing. Acknowledging his mistake had the tension in his body spiking and he laughed out an awkward apology. "Oh, ha. Yeah, I'm gonna turn around."

Will sat forward in his seat in the back, face appearing between the two front headrests. "Are you okay, Steve? You don't look great."

"Yeah, I'm uh—I'm fine. Don't worry about it," Steve tried, voice cracking. God, what was *wrong* with him? He'd made it through the past few weeks, so why the hell couldn't he get through a simple drive home?

“You’re sweating,” Max stated, like it wasn’t obvious. “It’s dripping down your face.”

Steve blinked, straining to focus on the road, but his hands started shaking more than before, and he couldn’t see, goddamnit, why couldn’t he see?

“Steve, pull over,” Dustin commanded, voice suddenly serious. “Steve.”

“I got it, I got it—”

“Steve, *Steve*—”

The second he put his car into park, Steve slumped forward in his seat, forehead pressed against the steering wheel, vision swirling into darkness.

\*

“—so, uh, I’m at Steve’s house. Something happened, can you come get me?”

A pause. Steve blinked his eyes, groaning at the pounding, pulsing pain in his head. The overhead light glared down at him and he tried to turn over, tried to hide behind his arm, but he ended up falling onto the floor with a loud thud.

“*Fuck*,” Steve groaned, feeling worse than before.

“He’s—he’s okay, I think?” Another pause. “Dustin? Will?” Two sets of footsteps hurried over and stood over him, successfully blocking out the stream of light. A hand pressed against his forehead.

“Shit, he’s burning up.”

“Language,” Steve grumbled out.

A third voice, softer than the other two. “Should I call my mom? She might be able to help.”

“I dunno, maybe? Does he have stuff for a fever? Like medicine?”

Steve blinked again, rubbed at his eyes, just in time to see who he assumed to be Will shrug and make a noncommittal noise.

“Steve,” Dustin addressed him, crouching down and pushing at Steve’s shoulders, trying to get him to sit up. Steve, however, could barely feel his limbs over the ache in his gut. It hurt to breathe. “Steve, can you hear me?”

He nodded numbly, eyes blinking hastily. Everything felt hot, too hot. Will, as though able to read Steve’s mind, handed him a glass of

ice water. He drank it all in one go and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“How long have you felt like this?” Dustin asked. When Steve didn’t respond right away, Dustin jerked his shoulder. “Steve?”

Steve grunted and gritted his teeth. “I don’t—”

“Steve, think. Is this recent? Did it start today?”

Baffled, Steve shook his head. The movement sent his brain hurdling into dizziness and a few tears leaked out of the corners of his eyes. Why so many questions? “N-no, no. Been a while.”

“A *while*?” Dustin hissed.

Max appeared beside Will and regarded Steve with thinly veiled pity. “You can have the phone now, Will.” Will backed away and Steve shut his eyes.

*Winding tunnels. Distant, cacophonous snarling. Flecks of black dust littering the air.*

Steve opened his eyes in alarm, tears spilling at a faster rate. “Oh, fuck, it *hurts*.”

“What hurts?” Max asked.

“Everything,” he nearly whined, pushing himself to his hands and knees and crawling back onto the couch. The leather made things marginally better for a fleeting moment before Steve felt like he was overheating again. Too much. It was all too much.

On a whim, Steve stood from the couch. Both Dustin and Max flung their hands up in defense, preparing for Steve to fall. He didn't.

“Hey, woah, where are you going?” Dustin said, jumping in front of him and blocking his path.

Hastily, Steve pushed at Dustin's arm and slid past. With each step, Steve swayed. His hand clawed at the stair rail in a sweaty death grip.

“Steve?” Max prompted, creeping toward the stairs.

He brushed them off with a sloppy wave and pushed himself off the walls toward his room, slamming the door shut and locking it behind him. A dangerous move, but he didn't want to be bothered. Not now. Not when everything was too much, when fire ran through his bloodstream and when blinking made him dizzy. Not when he could feel himself getting hard.

*What the actual fuck?!*



The dizziness, the overheating, the ache, none of that was necessarily new. He'd been dealing with those symptoms, although subdued, for the past few weeks or so. But now that it'd all come crashing down on him and the pain was worse than he'd ever felt before, he was *hard*, too?

Too much.

*Too much.*

*Not enough.*

Throwing himself on his bed, Steve kicked off his shoes and yanked at his pants, chucking them almost viciously onto the floor. He pushed his duvet to the side, shoved his sheets to the other, readjusted his pillows. Kept pushing and adjusting until he lay in the center of a circular, blanketed prison. He propped his head upon the pillows and clamped his eyes shut, focusing on the cool air from the ceiling fan.

Still, he was too hot. His sweat drenched the skin under his shirt, so he pulled that off too, tossing it onto the floor to join his neglected jeans. The socks were soon to follow, leaving him in his boxers.

"Hey, Steve?" Will's voice was muffled slightly by the door, but his words rang clear in the quiet of Steve's bedroom. "I just got off the phone with my mom, she's gonna be here in a little bit, okay?"

A spike of nervous *no no no no no no's* repeated in his head like a mantra and he bit his lip, arm covering his eyes.

“Do you want her to make you soup or anything?”

Clearing his throat, Steve stumbled over his words, “She—no, it’s—it’s okay, I’m good.”

“Okay, I’ll tell her, but she’s probably gonna make you some anyway. I hope you like chicken noodle,” Will half-heartedly joked. “Oh, and Billy’s stopping by too.”

Steve’s dick twitched and the pain short-circuited. The name earned him only a moment of bliss before the ache returned tenfold.

*Oh my fucking god.*

“He’s picking Max up, so he won’t be here long—”

The words tumbled out of his mouth before he could stop them. “Can you tell him to stop up here? I borrowed his notebook for history for the final, I want to give it back.” He mentally cursed himself, damning himself for making his situation worse. Jesus, why the fuck does he need Hargrove coming up here and seeing him at his worst? He doesn’t, that’s what, but the words had already been said.

Will didn’t say anything at first, then: “Are you sure this is the time

for that?”

“Jesus, yeah, I—I don’t want to forget. And tell your mom thanks, okay?”

“Sure,” Will replied, quieter this time. The following silence told him that Will had retreated downstairs. Steve waited an extra minute, afraid to move.

So maybe he and Hargrove had come to some sort of understanding and had managed to live civilly the past month. Maybe he and Hargrove also split a six-pack of beer and smoked a cigarette at the quarry when things were rough. It’d only happened like once or twice (Steve had gone to the quarry seven times, hoping to see Billy there, but Billy had only shown up a couple of times. It’s not like they made plans or anything. Steve just wanted to test his luck.) and they didn’t hang out beyond that, but Steve couldn’t say he hated the guy. Never could say that, actually.

Kind of the opposite, recently.

It could’ve been mere minutes since Will checked on him, but it felt like hours until additional voices spilled into his house. Joyce’s was first—she nearly barreled into the house with unstoppable mom energy and pounded her way up the stairs, toning down the worry to knock on his door and ask if he’s okay and if she can get anything for him. He politely declined and thanked her. She said she’d leave a glass of water and some Nyquil on the hallway table, and mentioned that she’d stick around for a little bit if he changed his mind.

*That’s not what I need right now.*

The moment Steve heard her steps creaking down the stairs, he shoved a hand in his boxers and thought of Billy Hargrove. It didn't take much. He came a minute later, in his hand, right as Billy's voice joined the conversation downstairs.

He was still hard. Harder than before. Another set of footsteps began their trek up the stairs, louder, stronger than Joyce's. Mindlessly, Steve withdrew his hand and started licking at his cum. His hand was shaking.

A knock at his locked bedroom door. "Harrington?"

Steve slid off the bed and wandered over, feeling like he was going to crumble. The ache now amplified, dulling out the other sources of pain for the time being, but the tears rolling down Steve's face wouldn't stop. Couldn't stop.

"Y-yeah?" he replied, voice cracking once again.

"That Byers kid said you needed to give me something?" Billy's voice was a welcome sound—deep, rumbling, rocking Steve to his core. Confusion and an ounce of concern tainted the otherwise solid timbre and Steve nearly fell to his feet, unable to stand against the effect that voice had on him. Instead, he leaned against the wall, clean hand landing on the handle and clicking the lock.

"Uh, well, not... not really," Steve tumbled out, distracted from the conversation by the presence of Billy himself. "I, um. Could you, uh,

do me a favor?”

Billy huffed. “Yeah, yeah, what do you want?”

Feeling bold and just a little filthy, Steve opened the bedroom door and stared at Billy with half-lidded, teary eyes. He balanced against the doorframe by his elbow and bit at the skin of his thumb, kitten-licking at the evidence of his masturbation. Billy stared back, wide-eyed and speechless. His gaze flickered from Steve’s flushed, tear-streaked face, to his hand, to his boxers, and back.

“Could you tell them to leave?”

Billy regarded him quietly. “Are you even sick?” he whispered, something hungry and unidentifiable swirling in those mesmerizing blue eyes.

Steve clamped his eyes shut and readjusted, his movements causing him to slip as his elbow lost balance. He grit his teeth and nodded. “Can you just—”

“Yeah, hold on.”

Billy vanished from sight, hurrying down the stairs and voice resonating with some bullshit excuse as to why Joyce and the three kids had to leave. Steve didn’t even bother shutting the door; he wobbled back to the bed dizzily and clambered back to his spot, laying on his back. But he couldn’t get comfortable. He felt like he

sat in something wet.

Bewildered, Steve reached underneath him, searching for the source. There was nothing on the bed, so Steve cursed and crossed his fingers that he hadn't pissed himself in the midst of his pain.

When he *did* find the source, Steve's mind went entirely blank and his cheeks flushed in a mix of embarrassment and arousal. He was... he was *leaking*.

"Fuck," Steve whimpered, hastily wiping his hand on the bed. "*Fuck.*"

*Where the fuck did all of this come from?*

Downstairs, the bustle of conversation finally came to a lull and the front door slammed shut. Within seconds, Billy reappeared in Steve's doorway, the door shut and locked behind him.

"Billy," Steve whined, reaching for him. Weirdly enough, Steve could smell him from the bed, could smell his cologne and cigarettes and hair product and something distinctly *Billy*. The collection of aroma sent Steve spiraling into desperation. Forget chicken noodle soup. Billy was his cure. "*Billy.*"

"I got you, baby. Breathe for me, okay?" Billy reassured him, climbing atop him on the bed and running a hand through Steve's mussed hair.

Steve nodded, fuzzy and light-headed. He reached up wrapped his arms in a vice grip around Billy's neck, yanking him down and bringing their lips together in a messy, open-mouthed kiss. Steve shoved his tongue in Billy's mouth without asking, searching for answers around Billy's tongue and teeth. The kiss had Steve breathless and feeling *hot, hot, hot*, hands sliding from Billy's neck to his back and palming at the smooth skin.

When Billy rocked down into him, Steve gasped and sunk dull nails into flesh, dizzy and delirious.

"Jesus Christ, Harrington," Billy huffed out, focusing on Steve's neck instead. "I never knew you were *this* hot for me."

"Shut the fuck up," Steve hissed back, ignoring the weird urge he had to keen at the sensation of teeth biting into his neck, of sucking against his skin. The pain, the strange aching at his core, the heat—it was all building, building, building, and Steve could feel a release. He needed more. Needed it now. "Take off your clothes."

Billy's eyebrows shot up. "Yes, sir." He scooted off the bed and made a show of stripping off his denim jacket, white tank top soon to follow, but Steve had a hard time following what was happening with his eyes. He tried, really, but it just made the pressure in his head worse.

When Billy climbed back on the bed, Steve moved to wrap his legs around him but halted at the feeling of denim. "Pants too, Hargrove."

“I will if you do,” Billy shot back, daring him with a waggle of eyebrows.

Unbothered, Steve reached down and yanked his boxers off, tossing them onto the ground. Billy froze, eyes glued to Steve, to the region of skin previously covered. He reached down and gave Steve’s dick a tentative stroke, watching as Steve moaned and writhed beneath him. Billy cursed under his breath.

Impatient, and needing something, *something*, Steve went to work on Billy’s jeans, but his dizzy haze prevented him from effectively ridding them. He ended up giving up halfway and just shoving his hand down Billy’s pants and palming the cock, pleasantly surprised at the lack of underwear.

“Off,” Steve reminded him, like Billy needed to be reminded.

The jeans, kicked off wordlessly, found themselves in the growing pile. Billy grunted as Steve’s legs encircled his waist, and he reached blindly into the blankets, searching.

“Lube?” Billy asked.

Steve shook his head, cheeks aflame. “N-no.”

“No?” Billy shot back, eyes wide. He pulled back as far as Steve’s



legs would allow. “Look, Harrington, I’m all for fucking you but I’m not about to do this dry.”

Eyes shut, embarrassment washing over his features, Steve laid an arm over his mouth, thoroughly muffling his response. He could feel Billy staring down at him, feel Billy’s fingers pulling at his arm.

“You’re going to have to repeat that, baby.”

He moved his forearm to his eyes instead. He didn’t want to have to look at Billy when he admitted this. “I—I don’t need it...” he trailed off, suddenly very conscious of the damp spot pooling beneath him.

“You don’t need it?” Billy repeated, doubtful.

“I don’t need it,” Steve repeated, quiet and ashamed. “... ‘cause I’m wet.” He shifted a little, trying to bury his face in the joint of his arm, biting his lip to muffle a pathetic whine.

A pause. Billy didn’t respond right away. He didn’t move, either.

“You’re wet.”

“Jesus fuck, am I talking to a fucking parrot?” Exasperated, Steve yanked his arm away just in time to see Billy reach down to find out for himself. The expression on the blond’s face was utterly unreadable, eyes darkening as his fingers teased Steve’s leaking hole.

“You’re *wet*,” Billy said again. “How... are you wet?”

Steve shook his head rapidly, effectively jumbling his thoughts. “I don’t know, I—” This was wrong, right? He felt wrong. Billy was going to make fun of him or something, tease him about this bizarre occurrence, maybe hold it over his head for the rest of eternity—

No, Steve guessed wrong, because the next thing he knew, Billy was no longer hovering above him. Instead, Billy had shifted further down the bed, propped one of Steve’s legs over his shoulder, and was

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“Oh fuck, *fuck*, yes,” Steve moaned, pushing up against Billy’s tongue. Billy’s hands ran up and down his thighs, sometimes stroking, sometimes gripping hard enough to bruise. The ache continued to build, build, build. “Billy, *Billy*.”

He came.

He wasn’t even embarrassed, because he was still hard, if not harder. Which, at this point, was incredibly painful. He grabbed Billy’s hair and pulled him up, catching the glossy sheen on his lips, before tugging him into another messy kiss. Tasting himself on Billy’s tongue, Steve moaned. He smothered his hand in his own cum, smearing the mess on his stomach from his second orgasm, and stroked Billy’s length, nearly vibrating at the groan that Billy released.

*More.*

“Fuck me, Billy,” Steve panted against Billy’s mouth. “ *Fuck me, please.*”

“Ask and you shall receive,” Billy grinned, winking at Steve as he pulled away from the kiss and positioned Steve’s legs around his hips again. He aligned himself and began to push in, fully bracing for steady and careful, but Steve was having none of it. He jerked his hips up, forcing Billy in all the way. “Holy shit.”

“Move,” Steve urged. “ *Please.*”

Billy nodded. He gripped Steve’s hips and pulled out nearly all the way before thrusting back in, forcing a whiny moan out of Steve, who grabbed weakly at Billy’s shoulders, guiding him back down to Steve’s eager lips. He needed more, *more*, wanted to feel Billy in every way he could, wanted to taste him, wanted to feel so full of Billy that he couldn’t feel anything else.

When Billy pulled out this time, he readjusted, and when he thrust back in, Steve nearly screamed. *Nearly*. He let out something slightly less embarrassing instead: a mouthful of unintelligible curse words and pleas. Jesus *fuck* did that feel good.

“ *Fuck*, Billy, don’t stop,” he begged, clawing at Billy’s shoulders again, blunt nails raking across the flesh. The tears from before reactivated and streamed down the sides of his face, and the ache continued to pile with each heavy thrust, and the dizziness remained, clearing all of Steve’s thoughts that didn’t have to do with Billy, Billy,

Billy, but the pain was gone, for the most part. He just needed a little bit *more*.

*Almost there...*

“Fuck, I’m coming,” Billy grunted outright in Steve’s ear, sending shivers rippling down his spine. He moved to pull out but Steve tightened his grip. “Steve—”

“Come inside,” Steve commanded, breathy and dazed. “Don’t you *fucking dare* stop.”

That seemed to do it. Billy’s hips stuttered to a stop and he came moments before Steve did. *Fuck*. The ache lessened and for the first time that evening, Steve felt like he could *breathe*. He still couldn’t think straight, mind jumbled by lingering pains and daze and mind-blowing sex.

“I’m pulling out, okay, baby?” Billy said, shifting so he could give Steve some space.

*No.*

Steve moved with Billy, catching Billy so off-guard that he was able to flip them so he was straddling Billy instead, Billy’s cock still fully sheathed in Steve’s ass. Weirdly enough, Steve felt like purring, shaking with bliss and pure satisfaction. He squeezed his muscles around Billy and watched the other squirm, sensitive and alarmed.

Both he and Billy were still hard.

“Fuck, Harrington, did you do something to me?” Billy half-joked, half-asked in serious concern. He pushed at the bed and sat up so he could face Steve, who was flushed and bleary-eyed, skin hot and sweaty. When Steve didn’t respond immediately, Billy took Steve’s chin in hand and observed him. “Steve?”

Steve blinked hazily, struggling to make eye contact with him. His breaths left his mouth in soft little puffs. He could still *feel* Billy inside him, hard and pressing against that little bundle of nerves. He wiggled a bit, moaning at the sensation.

Billy grabbed Steve’s elbows to steady him, trying to muffle his groan at the friction. “Wait, Stevie baby, look at me.” Steve tried, he really did. He just *couldn’t*. He could only look at the vague shape of Billy, at the little freckles scattering his cheeks and nose, at the blue that stared back at him, at the pink lips that awaited him. Billy poked at Steve’s nose, and Steve responded with a dopey smile. When Billy pressed a hand against Steve’s forehead, he didn’t protest, instead, he pressed against it, fingers wrapping around Billy’s wrist and dragging the hand to Steve’s mouth. He licked at the fingers softly.

Billy watched, his cock twitching for attention inside Steve.

“Stevie, maybe we shouldn’t—”

Steve didn’t like where that was going, so he lifted himself an inch and slammed his hips back down, effectively interrupting that train

of thought.

Billy tried again, looking flushed and a little sheepish. “Do you need, like, water or something? You’re heating up.”

“No,” Steve huffed, pushing Billy’s hand down to his cock. “I’m fine.”

“You’re still sick,” Billy reminded him.

*No, I’m not.*

“No, I’m not,” Steve said, back arching as Billy began working his cock in slow, sensual strokes. He pushed himself up, then sank back down, pushing Billy’s cock against his prostate once more.

Billy regarded him for a moment, and they began to fuck again, this time slower, heavier. Steve nuzzled against Billy’s neck, burying his fingers in curled, blond hair.

“Hey, Steve.”

He hummed but didn’t move from Billy’s neck, mouthing at the flesh and letting out little whimpers as he rode Billy’s cock.

“This making you feel better, yeah?”

Steve nodded, still feeling numb and mindless.

“Then tell me what you want. Tell me how I can make you feel better.”

Steve tensed, accidentally squeezing Billy in the process. He couldn't think properly, hadn't been able to this entire evening, but deep down, he *knew*. Knew what he needed more than anything. Knew what he needed for this ache to end.

Withdrawing from Billy's neck, Steve managed to make eye contact with Billy in his hazy state, ignoring the flush on his cheeks for the words spilling from his mouth.

“I,” Steve paused to clear his throat, “I want... I *need*...” That thing, that short-circuiting thing, it happened again. Took Steve over and acted for him. “I need you to fuck it out of me. Need you to fuck me ‘til I can't walk, can't feel anything. Need you to fill me with your come. Need you to breed me.”

Yeah, that last one came out without Steve's permission, but it was worth it for the unbridled shock and lust that consumed Billy's features. Abruptly, Billy thrust into him harder than before, forcing a yelp from Steve's throat.

“Oh yeah, baby?” Billy growled, staring Steve down, pushing him for *more*. “What else?”

Steve moaned. “Need you to fuck my mouth, need to taste you. Need you to fuck me so I can’t remember anything else. Need you to make me yours.”

Billy grunted again, pushing his forehead against Steve’s. “Mine?” he whispered, like he didn’t believe it, like he wanted to be sure.

“ *Yours,*” Steve assured him, sinking down on his length once more, feeling another orgasm coming. “Yours, yours, *yours—*”

*Faster, faster, more, more, more—*

Billy wrapped a hand around Steve’s cock and coaxed the orgasm out of him, catching most of the cum with his hand. Billy came moments later and Steve squeezed around him, determined to milk the cock inside him.

Both still achingly hard, Billy pushed Steve down on the bed and wordlessly thrust into him, pounding into the slick and semen building inside him. Steve writhed and keened, grabbing desperately at Billy. All he could think about was Billy.

*More, Billy, fuck, yes, more, please.*



Steve woke up the next day at 4:53 pm. He still felt a little hot, but the presiding discomfort came from his swollen eyes and the pressure building behind them as well as the soreness in his hips. But his mind was clear, and he could blink without wanting to pass out or seeing warped, dusty tunnels behind his eyelids.

Despite his hazy state the night before, he remembered what happened. He remembered too much, honestly. Simply thinking about the things they did-- the things he *said* -- had him shrinking under the sheets and willing his growing erection away.

A warm arm wrapped around his waist, a hand stroking his abdomen. Steve relaxed under the touch before he quite understood what was going on, a soft sigh escaping his lips. The hand wandered lower and made contact with his hardening cock, sending a ripple of arousal through his system.

“Hey there, sleepyhead.”

Steve rolled over under Billy’s arm and offered a sleepy smile. “Hey.”

“Still got any in your system?” Billy asked, voice deep and pleasantly rough.

Shyly, Steve cast his gaze downward and nodded against the pillow. Really, he would’ve been fine, but... “Yeah, I think so.”

“I can take care of that for you, yeah, baby?”

“Yeah, okay—”

Downstairs, a phone rang.

“Fuck,” Steve cursed, pushing himself upright only to fall back onto the bed. “Billy—”

“Yeah, on it,” Billy sighed, putting on Steve’s discarded boxers and trudging out of the room. Steve stared after him, specifically, after his ass and the raw, pink half-moons on his back. Something akin to pride rushed through him. Vaguely, he felt like he’d tamed a wild lion. Blushing, Steve buried his face in the pillow and attempted to calm his racing thoughts.

Man, he needed a shower. There’s no way he’d be able to get up, nevertheless *stand*, for more than two minutes max. And even that was pushing it. Maybe if he asked nicely he could get Billy to prep him a bath or something. Or, even better, get Billy to join him in said bath, naked and slippery with soap, Steve sitting between his legs, Billy’s cock pressed against his ass...

Maybe Steve wasn’t lying about it still being in his system, whatever “it” was.

“Actually, yeah,” Steve grumbled to himself, pushing up off the pillow so he rested on his elbows. “What the *fuck* was that?”

He felt drugged but utterly conscious. Sick but not sick-sick. His libido had never seen better days and Steve could honestly admit he'd never come that many times in one night than he had last night.

*Jesus fuck, was there even a recovery period?!*

Billy shuffled into the room moments later, looking beautifully blissful, hair messy and sleep still hanging over his features. Steve wanted nothing more than to cuddle up against that sturdy, California-golden chest but it wasn't like he was going to say that out loud or anything.

"Who was it?" he asked instead, shoving his horny thoughts away for the time being.

Billy made a face. "The entire Byers household."

"What?" Steve huffed a laugh.

"Yeah, they were all on the phone," Billy continued. "I talked to Joyce first, who's coming over in an hour, by the way. She's convinced you need to eat a proper dinner and she's worried that you didn't answer all day, but I just said you were sleeping it off."

"Thanks," Steve said. "Is she bringing food or—"

“Yeah, I think so.” Billy shrugged and climbed back into bed. “I got stuck talking with Jonathon next, who just expressed Nancy’s concerns for you? I don’t know, I think they’re all worried.”

Steve huddled up against the warmth of Billy’s body and nodded against his chest. “Okay.”

“Then I got roped into a conversation with Will, who was talking to Dustin and Max on their walkies, but I couldn’t hear the other two. They think you got sick from something called the ‘Upside Down?’ Not sure what the fuck that means, but they seemed pretty worried, so I’m assuming they’ll be over soon too.”

At the mentioning of the Upside Down, Steve tensed.

He thought back to the tunnels, to the dust and debris, to the flimsy bandana he used to cover his mouth from what he assumed was mutated asbestos. He remembered pushing the kids out of the tunnels one by one and the brief moment the bandana gave way, dropping to his chin. He coughed out what he could and hoped it wouldn’t kill him, lying when the kids asked if he was okay.

*Oh.*

He supposed the whole, aching, too hot, head-hurting ordeal was to be expected. Honestly, it could’ve been worse. What *didn’t* make sense was why the Upside Down, out of all things, out of all places, would have some sort of chemical that made him horny.

“Weird. Okay. Hey, you got anywhere to be this evening?” Steve asked, suddenly feeling an urge to explain.

Billy snorted. “You’ve got me as long as you want me, Stevie.”

“Cool. Yeah. Don’t go anywhere, okay?” Steve said, patting Billy’s chest. “I, um, I don’t really want to be alone right now.”

“Hey.” Billy looked down at him, gazing into his eyes, and cupped Steve’s jaw in his hand. “I’m not going anywhere. I wasn’t planning on going anywhere.”

Steve nodded, dropping his gaze and reaching for Billy’s hand with his own. When he found it, he interlocked their fingers, holding Billy’s hand between them.

Billy observed their interwoven hands and smiled softly. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just—thank you. For everything.”

“You don’t need to thank me, Steve.”

Steve didn’t say anything and instead kissed Billy, attempting to convey all he needed to say in the gesture. Billy seemed to get part of it, at least, and kissed back in earnest.

\*

Somehow, they managed to get themselves dressed and mostly presentable for the unexpected company. Billy took a shower but Steve wasn't so fortunate. He couldn't stand and taking a bath would take too long, so he opted for a hasty sponge bath. What took the longest and sent Steve spiraling into a blushing mess was evidence of last night: the slick, mixed Billy's cum, having coated his walls and filled him to the brim, spilling out of his ass with each movement. Billy had caught the beginning of this struggle on his way to the shower and by the distracted, hungry look in his eyes, Steve knew *exactly* what Billy would be doing over the next few moments.

It just—it wouldn't *stop*. He didn't have time to, uh. He didn't have *time*. Billy offered to help but Steve was afraid they'd just get horny again and make the problem worse.

So Steve did something he wasn't totally proud of and dug a certain something out from a shoebox under his bed, behind the bat with nails. It was a gag gift from Tommy for Steve's seventeenth birthday and Tommy had made some jeering comment about it at the time, one which Steve ignored in favor of searching his mind for where the fuck he was supposed to put a purple butt plug where his parents (and friends) wouldn't find it.

Maybe Tommy was actually good for something, regardless of how disgruntled Steve felt at the time. (Steve also couldn't find it in himself to get rid of the damn thing, so.)

Steve also dug out roughly four ibuprofen and downed them with the

water Billy left out for him, praying to whoever was listening that he'd be able to pretend like he didn't get fucked within an inch of his life the night before. He got dressed and made a pathetic effort towards his hair, but it was enough to satisfy him. By that point, Billy had put on his clothes from the night before and styled his hair the best he could. Proper timing, honestly, for the doorbell rang seven minutes earlier than they expected.

Steve, metaphorically shackled to the couch, ignored the feeling in his ass and waited for Billy to answer the door. Dustin and Max both hurried in, worry haunting their eyes. When they rounded the hallway into the living room and saw Steve—Steve, who looked significantly better than before, who wasn't dizzy and mumbling his way through conversations—they relaxed.

For a moment.

“Steve!” Dustin yelled unnecessarily, as though expecting Steve to not hear him. “Are you okay, Steve?”

“Yeah, Dustin, I'm fine,” Steve grumbled. He propped himself up on his elbows, grimacing at the ache at the base of his spine.

“Did you just wake up?” Max asked next, eying him with scrutiny.

Steve glanced over at the clock. “Like an hour ago, yeah.”

Dustin and Max glanced at each other, then at Billy. “Are you *okay*?”

“Uh, yeah? Why wouldn’t I be?” Steve shot back, suddenly remembering the fact the kids didn’t know about the understanding he and Billy had come to. “You know what, forget I asked. Yes, I’m *fine*. We’re fine.”

Billy wandered back over from the kitchen and passed Steve a fresh glass of water. “He slept most of the time,” he added. “I was just there to get water.”

Max stared her brother down for an indeterminant amount of time. Dustin opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, a knock at the door was heard.

“I’ll get it,” he called, hurrying over to let in the Byers.

The evening went about as well as Steve could’ve hoped. Everyone asked how he felt, repeatedly, as though his answer was going to change by the minute. Joyce had prepared enough chicken noodle soup for everyone and they all dug in, momentarily halting the conversation.

Steve felt *warm*. Not unbearably hot as he had felt the days prior, but *warm*. Warm from the reassurance that there were, in fact, people who cared about him; warm from thoughts of Billy, warm from his sturdy presence at his side; warm from Joyce and her motherly care. He felt warm, and happy.

Later, after dinner had been cleared, they gathered in the living room



to discuss the cause of Steve's sickness. He left out several major details—namely, everything that had happened within the past twenty hours or so—but admitted the duration in which he felt out of sorts. They concluded it must've come from the tunnels sprawling under Hawkins. Billy tried not to voice his confusion, but eventually, Max gave in and explained the best she could what exactly was going on.

Steve was glad he didn't have to do this part alone. He added what he could—about the demodogs, about why they were at the Byers that night in November when he and Billy fought, about the debris in the tunnels that he likely breathed—but left the majority to Dustin and Joyce. Will had gone quiet at this point, likely haunted by the memories, but he piped in to add details of his own struggle and what it took to fight the Mind Flayer.

The slightly skeptical look in Billy's eyes told Steve the blond wasn't quite sure what to believe. Steve didn't blame him. It was hard for him to grasp the situation himself and it took directly facing the Demogorgon to understand, in its entirety, the alternate dimension haunting Hawkins.

Around nine, Joyce drove home and offered to drop Dustin and Max off on the way. As they were preparing to leave, Max pulled Billy aside. Steve kept his distance but couldn't help eying the step-siblings, wondering about the whispered conversation between them.

Once the visitors left, Billy cleared his throat. "Neil wondered where I was."

From the few conversations at the quarry, Steve remembered this to be Billy's asshole of a father. "Is everything okay?"

Billy took a moment to reply. "Yeah. Yeah, it's fine." His fingers twitched. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Nah, it's fine. We can go sit by the pool."

The darkness rattled Steve but he swallowed his fear and focused on the pool light, focused on the smoke spilling out from Billy's pretty lips. Focused on the cum still in his ass. Felt heady and needy. He took the cigarette from Billy, breathed in the warm smoke, and asked if Billy wanted to do him another favor. Asked if Billy wanted to help him take care of the cum still leaking out of his ass.

"What, still?" Billy said, a bit surprised.

Steve shrugged, formulating the words in his mouth. "Well, not really."

"You're not making much sense, Stevie."

"It's still there," Steve clarified. "I just, ah. Made it stop. Coming out."

Billy stared at him, cigarette burning in his hand. "You've had my cum in your ass for the past how many hours now? And you left it there, all throughout dinner?"

“You know what, forget I said anything.” Steve yanked the cigarette for himself and didn’t give it back. It made him feel hot and hazy again. He was glad the darkness veiled the rosy blush on his face.

Standing up, Billy scooted over to Steve’s chair and pushed at Steve’s leg, shimmying closer. “No, I don’t think I can just forget something like that. How the hell did you stop it?”

Steve pushed at his face, hoping to wipe that smug grin off Billy.

“Do you want *more*, Stevie?”

Wordlessly, Steve ground the cigarette out against the patio before wandering back inside the house, Billy hot on his heel. He trekked up the stairs in abashed quiet, hands in his pockets all nonchalant, like he wasn’t imagining Billy stripping him and finding the plug keeping all his cum inside Steve. Unwrapping Steve like a gift and pounding into him in a furious bout of want and *need*.

And so what if that’s exactly what happened and then some? It was weird and unexplainable, but it made Steve feel weirdly *normal* and not so alone anymore. And maybe this, this new, weird, unlabeled thing with Billy made Steve just a bit happier about the two weeks he had off from school. Maybe it made him grateful for the solitude he never asked for.

Whatever it was, whatever it will be, at this point in time, it’s exactly what they both needed, and Steve couldn’t ask for anything more.

**Author’s Note:**

if you're like me and still upset about certain (cough cough) character developments in season 3, feel free to leave a strongly worded comment :)